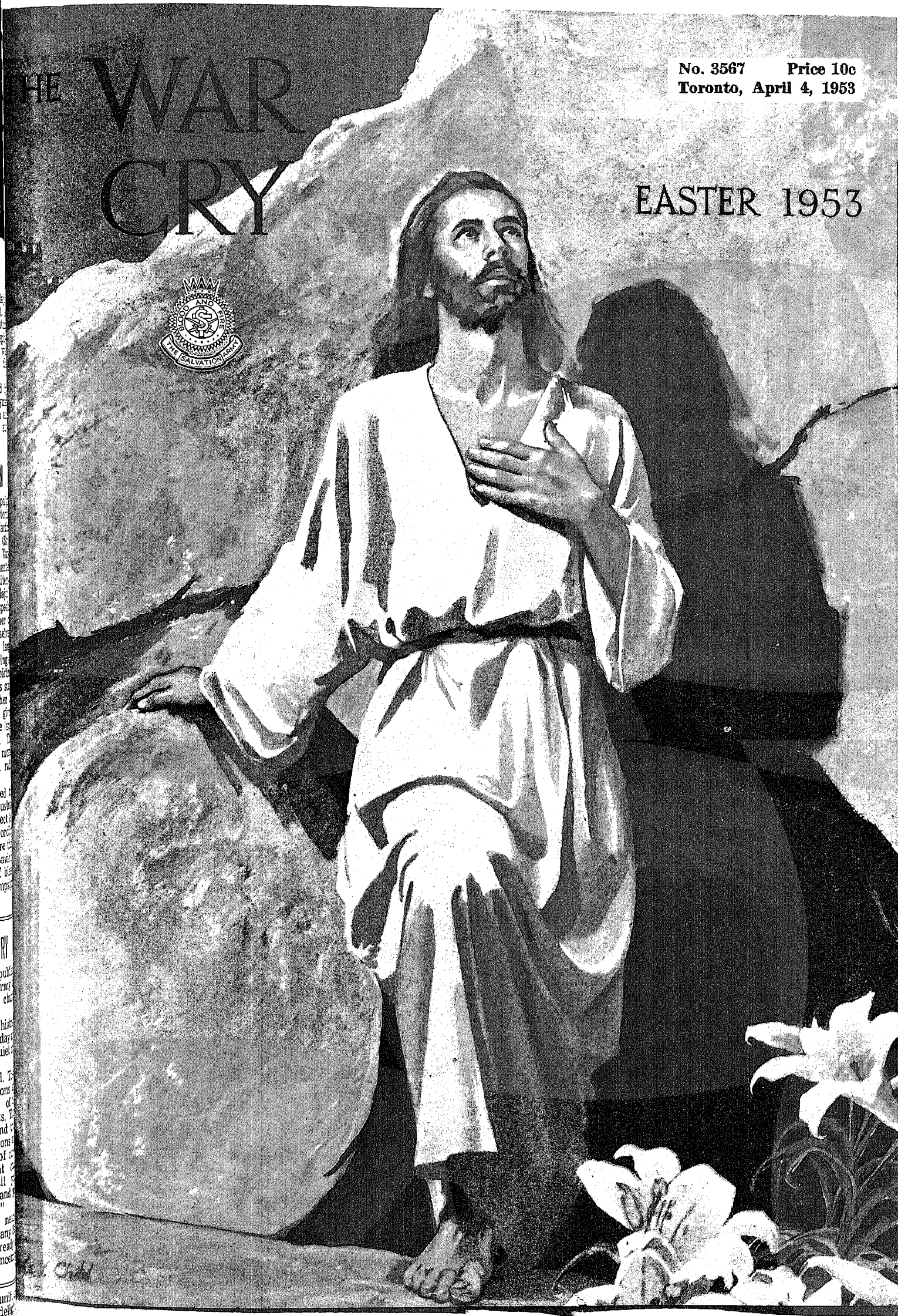
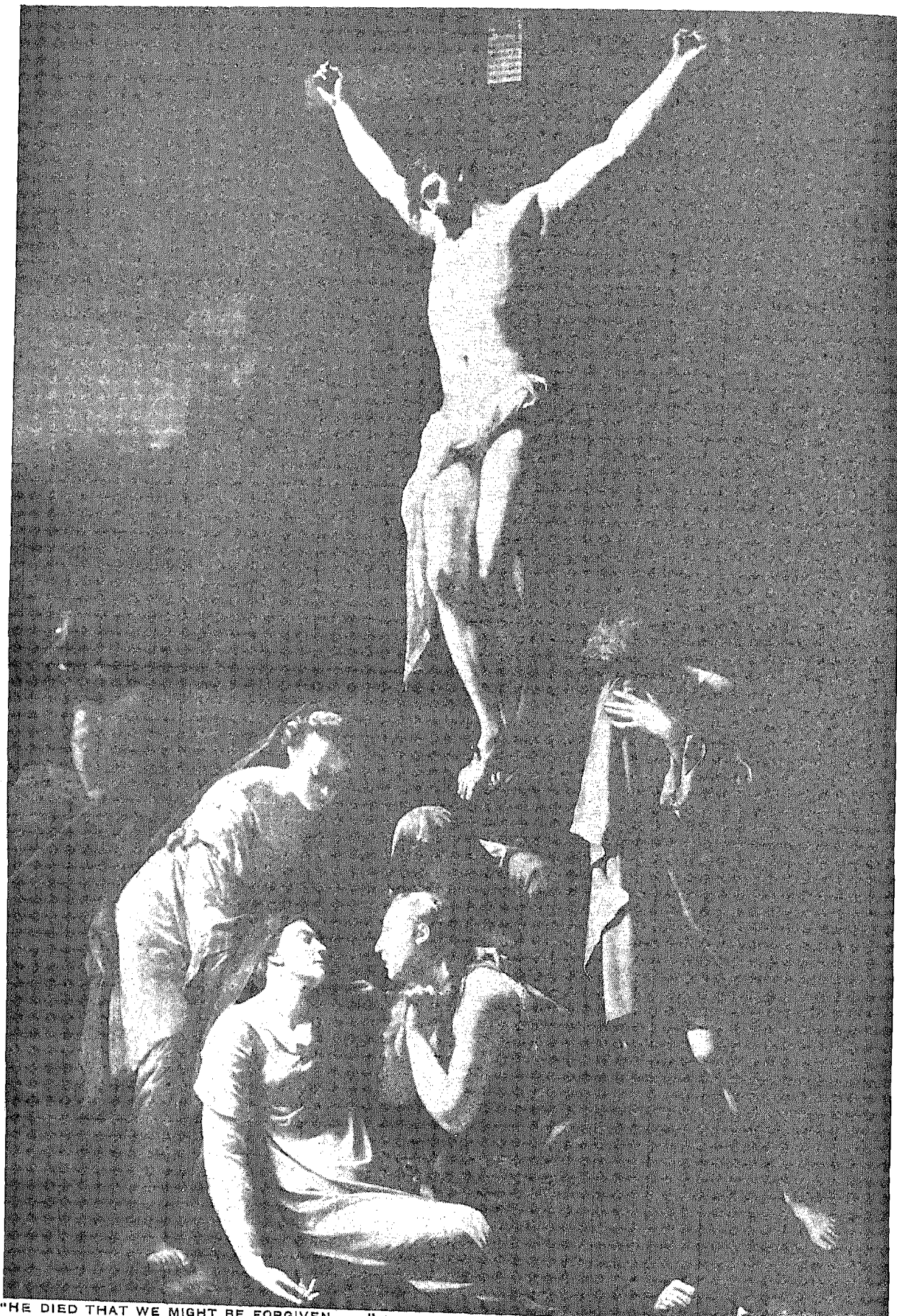


THE WAR CRY

No. 3567 Price 10c
Toronto, April 4, 1953

EASTER 1953





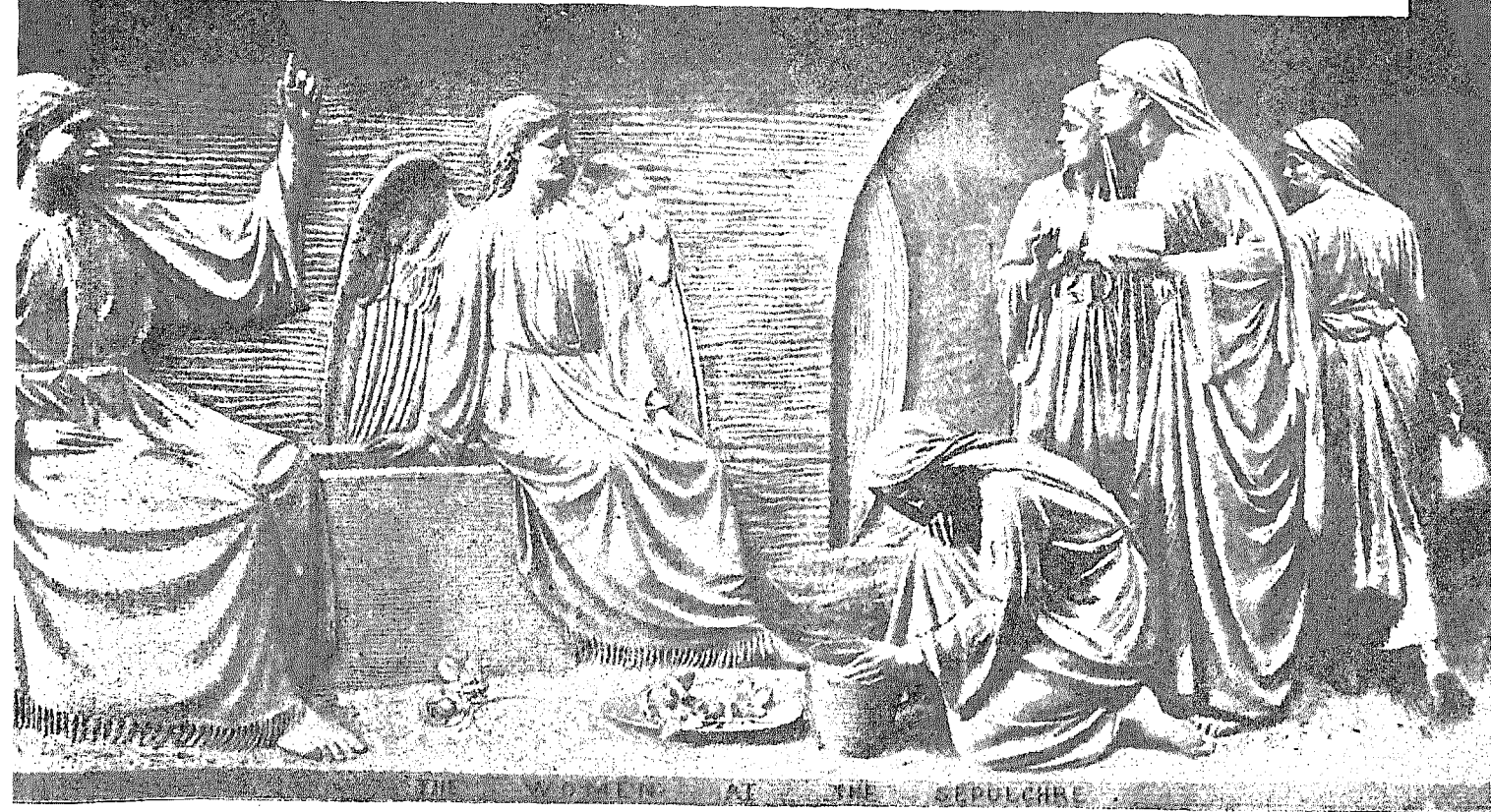
"HE DIED THAT WE MIGHT BE FORGIVEN . . ."

Page Two

Adrian Van Der Werf

The War Cry

Christ Is Risen Indeed!



THE resurrection of Jesus Christ is one of the best attested facts of history. We find it recorded that Christ appeared to His disciples on eleven different occasions after He arose from the dead. Luke says that He showed Himself alive after His resurrection by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God; and Peter Cornelius that God raised Him up the third day and "shewed Him openly: not to all the people, but to witnesses chosen before of us, even to us, who did eat and drink with Him after He rose from the dead." On one occasion the disciples were gathered together in a room in Jerusalem. The doors and windows were fastened for fear of the Jews, and they were relating their experiences, who should appear in their midst but Christ Himself! He said to them: "Peace be unto you." He showed them the wounds in His hands and His feet, and told them to handle Him that they might believe. It was not simply a vision they saw, for "A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have." It was the same body that Joseph of

A TREMENDOUS FACT THAT CAN BE PROCLAIMED WITH SUPREME CONFIDENCE

Arimathea and Nicodemus had laid in the sepulchre, raised up again and standing in their midst. To complete the proof, He ate before them "a piece of a broiled fish and of an honeycomb." Ten of the apostles were there; two were missing. Judas had "gone to his own place," and Thomas was absent. I can imagine that next morning John is walking down one of the busy thoroughfares of the city, when he meets Thomas. "Thomas," he says, "The Lord has risen." "Indeed!" "He appeared to us last night. I am sorry you were not at the meeting. You lost an interview with Him."

"You do not really think His body is out of the grave, do you?" "Oh, yes, it was His identical body—the very body He used to move around in Palestine with." "I cannot believe that. I have believed a good many things during the three years I have associated with Him; but I cannot believe He is risen from the dead." "Why, you don't think He would have deceived us?" "Well, no; but the fact is you have lost so much sleep during these past three nights, you have worked yourself up to such a pitch of feeling that you are not quite responsible. You *think* you saw Him; but it was only His spirit. Probably it was a vision." "It was no vision at all. He ate in our presence, and we saw the marks of the wounds in His hands and feet. Surely you do not think we can all be deceived!" "Yes, I believe you must be deceived. I cannot believe it was really He, unless I see the wounds, and touch them with my own hands." Thomas goes along the street a little further, and then he meets Simon Peter. His face is radiant and beaming with joy, and he says: "Thomas, have you heard the news?" "What news?" "That Christ has risen." (Continued on page 14)

BY DWIGHT L. MOODY



The Truth of His Mission Was Proved by His Rising

by
THE FOUNDER

for? To what end were you brought out of the grave-yard of ease, selfishness, self-seeking, but to resurrect others and lead them to God. If you are doing this, then all who know you will say of you, "he, or she, is risen!"

The Hand of Jesus

THAT wonderful hand of Christ! It was that same hand which had been so quickly stretched out to rescue Peter when sinking in Galilee's waves. It was that same hand which had been held in the sight of the questioning disciples on the third evening after they had seen it laid lifeless in the tomb. I was that same hand which incensed the incredulous Thomas must see before he would believe its risen power; I was that same hand which was extended to him not only to see but to touch the nail-prints in its palm. It was that same hand which the disciples last saw uplifted in blessing when the cloud parted Him from them. That hand, with its nail-prints, knocks at the heart's door for entrance. That hand, with its deep marks of love, beckons the weary runner on the Heavenly way.

lives to make the world one great Pentecost. Are you following in His steps, and baptizing the men and women around you with the Holy Ghost? Is this your business?

He rose to intercede for us—He went to the Father's right hand to plead for the salvation of the world. He is there today.

If you are risen with Him, if you have His life, you are engaged in the same business. Do you stand between the living and the dead?

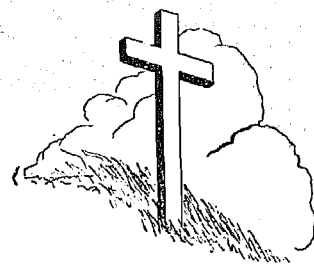
He rose to lead the world to God. He has had bitter disappointments. Oh, how often I wonder that His patience holds out, and He does not give mankind up in despair! Still, much has been done. Millions of souls, under his leadership, are on their way Home! His whole being is just as much as ever bound up in this great undertaking. He rose to fulfil the very same object for which He died. Is it so with you? What were you made a saint

"Go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God." John 20:17.

WHAT was Christ's resurrection life? It was a testimony to the truths He had taught and the reality of the blessings for which He died. His after-life was the verification of the sacrifice of His death. Everybody who saw Him, living, moving, talking, acting before them knew that He was risen from the dead, and that fact convinced them of the truth of His mission, the power of His Father, and the reality of His sacrifice.

Dear reader, are your conversation and conduct before men a testimony that you have gone through this spiritual resurrection from sin and selfishness? If so, it will at the same time proclaim the truth of every word He taught, the virtue of every drop of blood He shed, and invite the men around you to come to the same Christ for the acquisition of the same life.

He rose to baptize His Disciples with that Spirit of love and power they needed for their conflict, and, through them, the whole world. He is still alive; He has not ceased to pour forth the cleansing stream. He



By Lt.-Colonel H. Tuttle

EASTER in ME

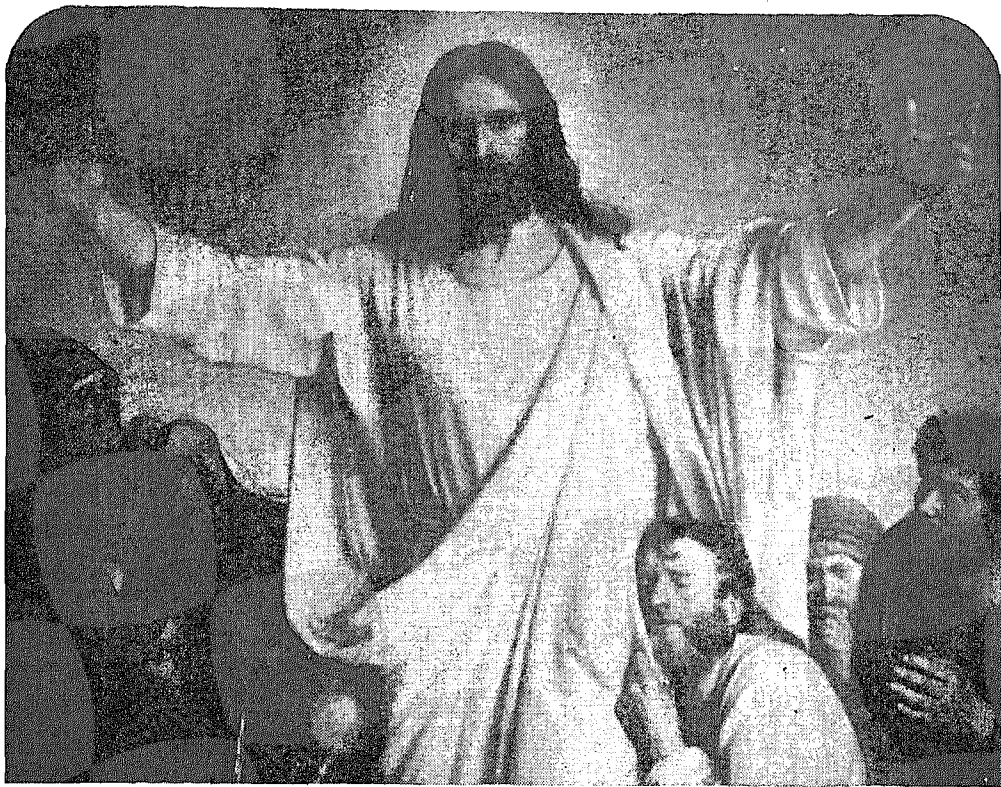
DARK was the myst'ry that shadowed the cross,
All the disciples had hoped for was lost,
There in the grave lay the Form they adored—
Broken and crucified, Jesus, their Lord.
Day gently breaks as the women appear
Bringing the spices that love had prepared.
Easter now dawns on the field of the strife
Dawning to welcome the Bringer of Life.

Black my horizon, deep my despair,
No ray of comfort and hope glimmers there;
Sin has enslaved and harassed my soul,

Buttered and helpless, no power control.
Jesus has risen, I hear soldiers to
Can He the power of Satan dispe
Will Easter dawn for me weary strife?
Jesus, arise in me, Giver of Life.
To me the power of Thy rising part,
Give me a steadfast, immovable heart,
Uncompromising, unstaggering faith,
Ready for service or ready for death.
Give me communion, refreshing and sweet,
Dayspring each morning my spirit to greet.
Jesus of Easter, Thy beauty I see
Conqueror of death, create Easter in me.

The Rent Veil

*It Testified to Man's
Transgression but
also to Christ's In-
finite Compassion.*



"By a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh . . . let us draw near . . ." Hebrews 10: 20-22.

THE Holy Place in the Tabernacle was divided from the Holiest by a veil of the finest material, perfectly woven and of richest dyes and skillful embroidery.

The Holiest was a smaller section of the Tabernacle, wherein was placed the Ark of the Covenant and

draw nigh, even to the outer Holy Place. They could only stand without, in solemn awe. Why? Was it proper that the created should be exiled from the presence of the Creator; that the child should be separated from the Father?

It was not always so. There had been a time when there was no officiating priest, no mediator between God and man; when man could meet with God, and God walked with him.

But man had sinned, and sin separates. It cut mankind off from

an absent and lost treasure.

Thus the veil testified to the nature and spirit of man's transgression, but it also testified in a wonderful way to God's infinite tenderness and compassion. As it hung before the brightness, it became a transparency through which the glory fell with softened glow, filling the Holy Place with a blessed illumination, so that all might know — and that some might see and bear witness—that God had not forsaken man. He had built a House in the midst of His people; He had a peculiar apartment where He specially revealed His presence, and from which He spoke to man. This could not be a God of vengeance and anger, desiring only the punishment of His erring sons.

The God who shone in the Holiest, whose light penetrated the veil, permitting the people, whilst they could not draw nigh, to send their representative with a sacrifice of blood into His presence that it might be poured out before Him, and upon this ground, He might pardon and save, was a God, loving the prodigal, desiring his return, yearning over him with a boundless love, opening up a way whereby he might become again the possessor of peace and joy. So that if the veil was a testimony against the evil of sin, it was equally a witness to the love and tenderness of the Father.

Then in the fullness of time, Christ came. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full

(Continued on page 12)

By the Territorial Commander Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel

other precious symbols. It was peculiarly the shrine of Jehovah. There shone the flame of the Divine Presence.

The veil, as it hung before the Holy of Holies, shrouding it from common gaze or entrance, obstructed the brightness of the Shekinah so that, at the most, its rays could only fall with partial radiance upon the Holy Place. The folds of the veil could not be lifted or drawn aside. The Holiest was guarded and preserved in continual isolation, except upon the Day of Atonement, when the High Priest, and he alone, was permitted to enter behind the veil and stand in the presence of the glory of the Lord.

The people were not permitted to

God. It made him an alien, a wanderer, a prodigal. The sense of guilt and shame caused him to fly from the Divine Presence. His position as a transgressor of the divine law imposed upon him the penalty of losing the privileges of sonship and friendship.

This is essentially the nature of sin. It separates man from God and from holiness and happiness. It divides man and man. It is ever disintegrating nations, families, households; creating discord and division; breaking humanity into diverse sections and hostile companies. Sin, in full power, without check or rein, would spread bitterness, hatred and alienation throughout the world, and peace would become merely a beautiful memory of



JESUS BEFORE PONTIUS PILATE

IN these enlightened days there are cultured and refined people who do not enjoy too much talking and singing about blood. They are squeamish about songs like "There is a Fountain filled with Blood," and phrases such as "Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb" fill them with revulsion. The Salvation Army vocabulary, they affirm, is in urgent need of purging; we must find a more refined approach to God.

It must be remembered that our faith is based upon a crucifixion; the cruel crucifixion of the only perfect Man who ever lived, Jesus Christ, was not a refined deed. The shedding of His Blood could never be anything but obnoxious to sensitive minds; it was, indeed, revolting in all its gory details, but behind the grim brutality of the Cross lie a mystic beauty and grace which spiritual minds of all shades of thought have discerned. The crucifixion is a unique fact, dated in time, but its realization is a present fact in our experience.

Spiritual things are only spiritually discerned and one needs divine insight to see the truth behind our symbolism. "Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet," may sound revolting, but in many Sal-

Does the Blood

THIS ARTICLE PROVES THAT THE ANSWER

... BY ...

BRIGADIER
GEORGE
B.
SMITH

vationists the suggestion inspires a tender and beautiful devotion, for it implies utter surrender to One who went all the way to Calvary for them.

What, then, lies behind the phrase, "The Blood of Christ," which is a central tenet of our faith? What is implied by the red-blood color woven into our flag, entwined around our bonnets and caps, worn over our hearts as a crimson guernsey, and deeply entrenched in our songs and meetings? Why do we sing, "Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb"?

We might begin to answer the question by asking if it would have made any difference if Jesus had died in some other manner; if He had been poisoned or secretly murdered. The story of His death would have lost some of its dramatic force, but it could not have frustrated God's redemptive plan. The power which conquered the unusual death on the Cross could conquer the usual, and, however Christ died, He would have still been the Son of God dying, and His dying was a miracle, as was His resurrection. "The penalty of sin is death" and He paid the penalty of sin for us. Christ on the Cross revealed the eternal nature of God suffering to redeem the world; the Cross was the self-offering of God. God was not looking at the Cross, He was on it.

The vital difference made if Jesus had died otherwise is that the world would have missed the public exposure of the heinousness of sin and the disclosure of God's redeeming love. Christ had to die on a Cross, that it might stand forever on top of the world, that men might look up to it, even in their sin and darkness, and find forgiveness.

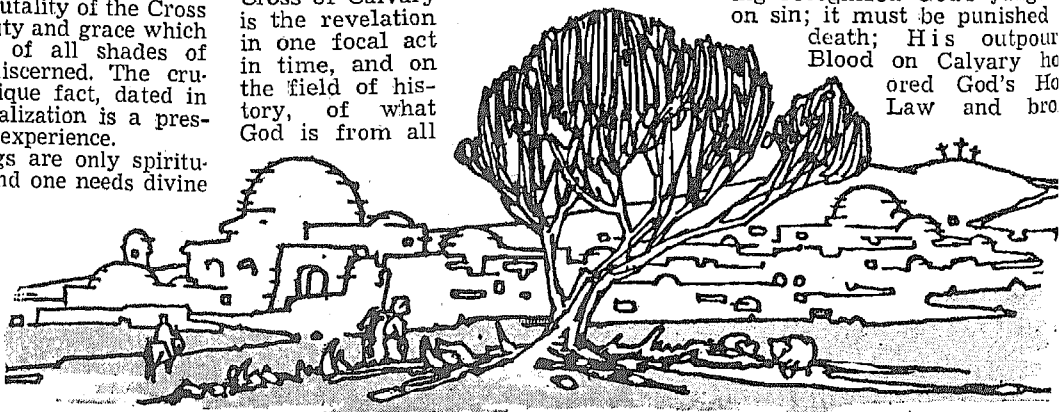
The Cross stands between two eternities; it is the flash-point between God and the devil. "The Cross of Calvary is the revelation in one focal act in time, and on the field of history, of what God is from all

eternity. The grace of God is as old as creation; from the beginning God's love went out to me to combat sin, and this travail and passion of love reached its climax and culmination in the Cross."

It is not that there is virtue in the physical blood as a substance—the precious life fluid, the plasma carrying living cells, compounded of salts of calcium, sodium, potassium, iron, sugar and salts. Nowhere in the Old Testament does the value of the sacrificial blood in the suffering occasioned bloodshed. The sacrifice of animals was God's appointed machinery of grace to the nation. So the value of the Blood of Christ lay wholly in His outpoured life, in willing sacrifice as God's ordained means of redemptive grace. It would have mattered a great deal if Christ had met His death by accident: the crucial fact in Christ's death was His will to die. He laid down His life—"No man taketh My life from Me."

Christ performed a decisive moral act. He achieved by personal surrender our salvation. The shedding of His Blood brought His sacrifice to finality. When from His broken heart there flowed "blood and water," His total holy self utterly yielded to redeem the world. The Blood, flowing like a river "from my Saviour's wounded side" was the visible sign of a complete and inner sacrifice. The sacrifice His Blood meant the surrender of His precious life, the compact with the last and final thing He had to give.

The Blood of Christ symbolizes the yielding of His total self in sacrifice for sin, and in doing so He met the moral requirements of grace. He "bore our sins in His body on the tree." God must either punish sin or expiate it; He cannot excuse or ignore it. He must either punish it or assume it. Christ's dying recognized God's judgment on sin; it must be punished. death; His outpour Blood on Calvary honored God's Holy Law and bro



Save?

IS A GLORIOUS AFFIRMATIVE

the dreadful power of sin.

"Christ was beside man in the court, but on God's side in the issue." Christ's Atonement puts us in a new relation to God. Jesus leads us to find God's love in His own and brings man nearer to the heart of God.

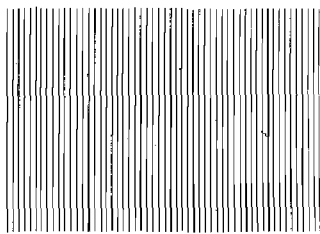
The difficulty in believing in the Blood of the Atonement is due to the fact that the belief needs self-surrender; the truth is more easily understood when it has done its work; it is discerned not so much by the head as by the heart. Cecil Frances Alexander wrote verses to teach some small boys the Catechism. From the words, "I believe in God, the Father, Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth," she gave the world the song:

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small;
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

From the words "Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried," we have that immortal song, "There is a green hill far away." All the wonder and mystery are enshrined in that verse which the children love to sing:

*He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His Precious Blood.*

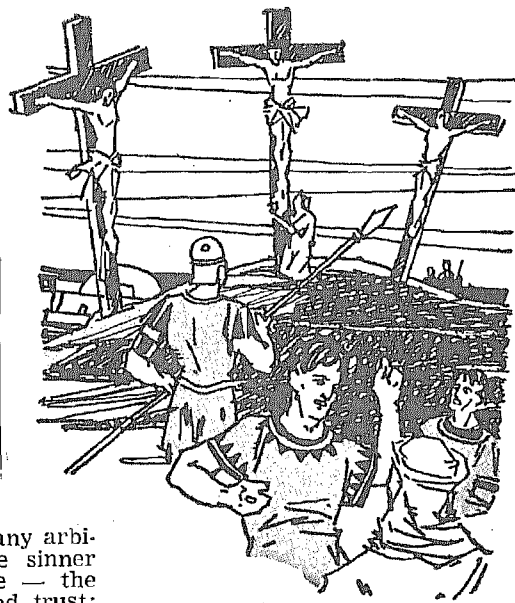
"Salvation is child's play," says a writer, "if you will only be the child." So it is ever true that God is always ready to forgive; He needs no ransom, seeks no satis-



faction, never forgives in any arbitrary way. It is that the sinner needs making forgivable — the Cross creates penitence and trust; it inspires faith by which the sinner is justified. There is no grace for the deliberate rejection of grace. Grace is flowing like a river; the gift of life is flowing from the graciousness of God—the graciousness of love revealed in His Cross. The grace of God is ever saving us, whether we will it or not; the Cross is God's permanent love relationship disclosed in Christ. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. . . . We are saved when we accept His forgiveness, not by merit but by grace.

*Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!*

The Blood of Christ is central in our evangelistic faith. The Cross must speak to us until it is no longer on a green hill far away but a creative experience in our lives. Martin Luther, in a moment of depression, saw a malignant form in-

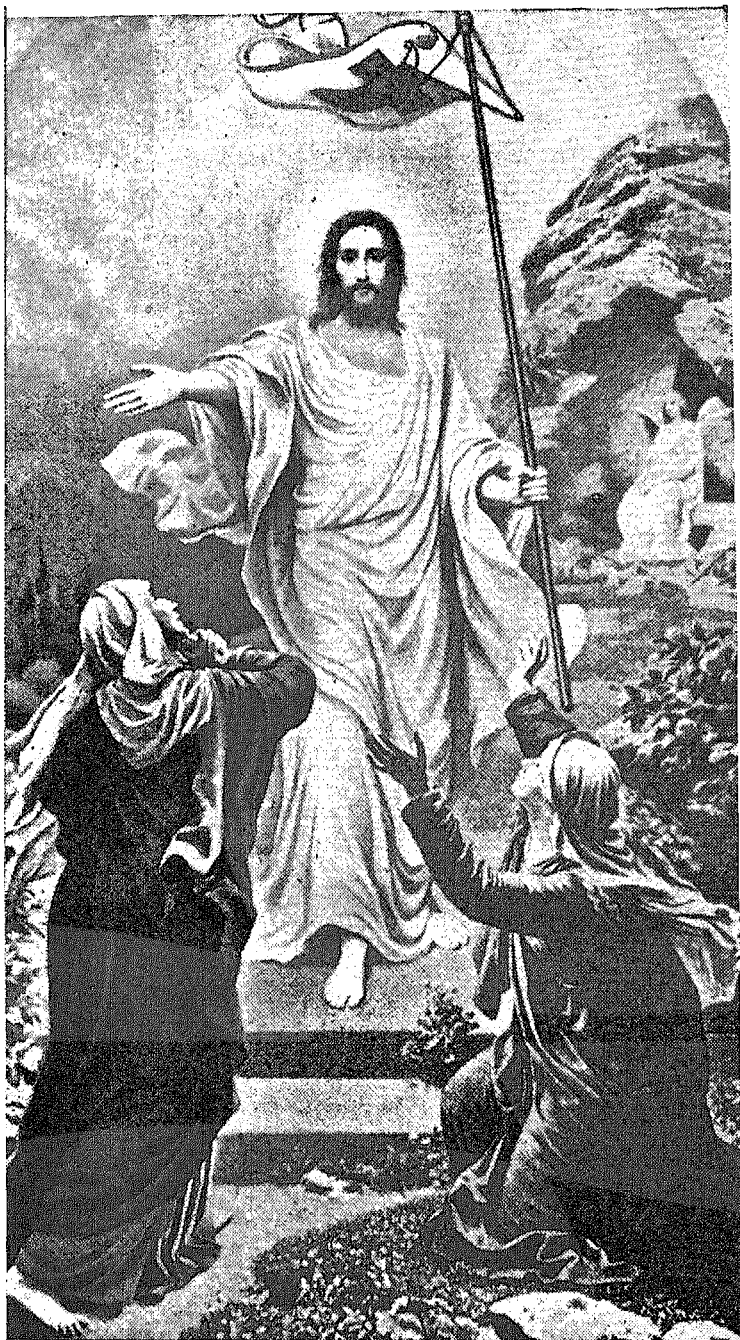


scribing the record of his own transgressions round the walls of his room. There seemed to be no end to the list and the pitiless scribe wrote on interminably. Luther bowed his head and prayed. When he looked up again, "Thou hast forgotten just one thing," said Luther. "And that—?" asked the tormentor. "Take thy pen and now write across it all, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin!'" And, at that utterance, the spirit vanished and the walls were clean.

When we repent and confess our sin, God sees to the rest. By an act of God in Christ sins repented of are forgiven. The Cross shows us ourselves; deep humiliation leads to repentance; we see with shame and sorrow God's love outraged. God gave, and the object of His giving was not that He might be reconciled to us, but that we might be reconciled to Him, and our utter surrender achieves this.



Men throw away their spiritual crutches when they experience the power of the Blood.



THE Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke all record the fact that Joseph of Arimathaea went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. A modern version says, "Joseph boldly went in unto Pilate, and asked, or craved, for the body of Jesus. Pilate marvelled if he were already dead . . . but when he learned it of the centurion, he granted the corpse to Joseph."

If laughter be not inappropriate at this Easter dawn, one can say that the Resurrection—called by an eminent scientist, "The best attested fact in history"—has changed this pitiful requisition and this pompous conferment into holy laughter and victorious song. The Christian Church is under no necessity and in

no mood to beg and pray for the poor consolation of a defeated community. We do not have to beg the body. The Lord is risen indeed . . . and His body is here, in this great company of rejoicing believers and in the unseen host of His Church; past, present and to come.

We are obliged to acknowledge that the mightiest and, indeed, the only indisputable and unassailable empire on earth, is that of Death. Its dominion is complete and universal. It has no boundaries on land or sea, but reigns and conquers everywhere. Its awful black banner floats above every race, tongue, creed and color, and never misses a home . . . be it palace or cottage. Christina Rossetti wrote:

*Here Death's hand knocketh
At door after door;
He thins the dancers
From the festal floor.*

Even Pascal could write, "At last they cast a little earth upon our faces and that is the end."

But every Christian soul rejoices this Easter morning because our Gospel, and the power of our faith, is Jesus Himself. He was and is the first Believer in His Gospel. He knew that He was the Life, and He flung His defiance at sin and death in the triumphant words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The glory of Easter is the experience of victory. The greatest satisfaction in life is not ease, but triumph, and the greatest triumph is over death.

When the late Dr. Parker preached on the Resurrection at the old City Temple, London, England, he announced his text, "I will see you again!" and with uplifted shining face he cried, "That is Christianity!"

When the cause of Jesus went down under what appeared to be the final stroke of Jewish prejudice and Roman authority, it seemed that both He and His message were extinguished. But every flower in Joseph's garden closed its petals and went to sleep that night whispering, "There will be a resurrection in the morning." And there was!

The message of this Easter is that neither the Christian Church, nor any single member of it, has to bow the knee to worldly powers and "beg the body of Jesus." When Joseph went to the Roman procurator to ask for Christ's body, he was making a brave but belated acknowledgment of his belief in Jesus. If he could not follow Him in life, he would show sympathy and respect toward Him in death. It was the tragic end of a noble venture, the extinction of a great man.

It was the final concession to temporal power. Rome and Jewry had taken the life of Jesus. The



*Joyously peel the chimes,
Fragrant the lily's breath;
Peace to the troubled heart,
His Love has conquered Death.*

"**H**E is risen!" These triumphant words are the crown and climax of Christ's whole incarnation and work as Redeemer, and Easter, the celebration of His resurrection, is the great festival of joy in His Church. It corresponds with the Passover of the Jews, and in the early Church "Pascha" designated the festival of Christ's crucifixion; later it meant both the festival of the crucifixion and the resurrection. After the fourth century it was limited to the latter feast.

Easter was, in olden times, the fair goddess of spring, whom our pagan forefathers were wont to worship, before they had ever heard of Jesus. When the early Christians came to our Saxon lands they preserved the feast, but changed its application. "We will maintain your celebration," they said, "but it shall henceforth mean the resurrection of Christ." This explains why this joyous Christian festival bears an old heathen name.

Great ecclesiastical controversies raged around the question of the actual day to be celebrated, and were finally settled only by the decree of the Council of Nicaea, A.D. 325. By that decree it was fixed on the Sunday immediate-

THE ORIGIN OF EASTER CUSTOMS

ly following the fourteenth day of the Paschal moon, which happened on the first Sunday after the vernal equinox. Easter always falls on the Sunday after the full moon next after March 21. The idea in fixing this standard time was that Easter might always occur at the spring full moon, at which time the first Easter of our Lord's resurrection took place.

Great religious festivals, coming down through the centuries, become so much a part of the life of the people that they attach to themselves many homely customs, growing more or less indirectly out of their observance. These customs may be emphasized to the extent of dimming the real meaning of the celebration, or they may humanize and enrich it.

Gregory, who was Bishop of Nyssa of Cappadocia in A.D. 380, draws a vivid picture of the joyous crowds who, by their dress and their devout attendance at church, sought to do honor to the festival in the early Church:

"All labor ceased; all trades were suspended. The husbandman threw down his spade and plow and put on his holiday attire; and the very tavern keepers left their gain in order to be present at the Easter service. The roads were empty of travellers and the sea of sailors, for all tried to be home on this great day. All Christians assembled everywhere as members of one family. The poor man dressed like the rich, and the rich wore his gayest and brightest attire; while those who had no good clothes of their own borrowed them off their neigh-

bors. Even the little children put on their new clothes, and were bright and happy."

So it is evident that the present custom of wearing new and bright clothes on Easter is at least fifteen centuries old.

In Russia on Easter Sunday the salutation always was (in the days before the Revolution): "Christ is risen," and the reply was: "Christ is risen, indeed."

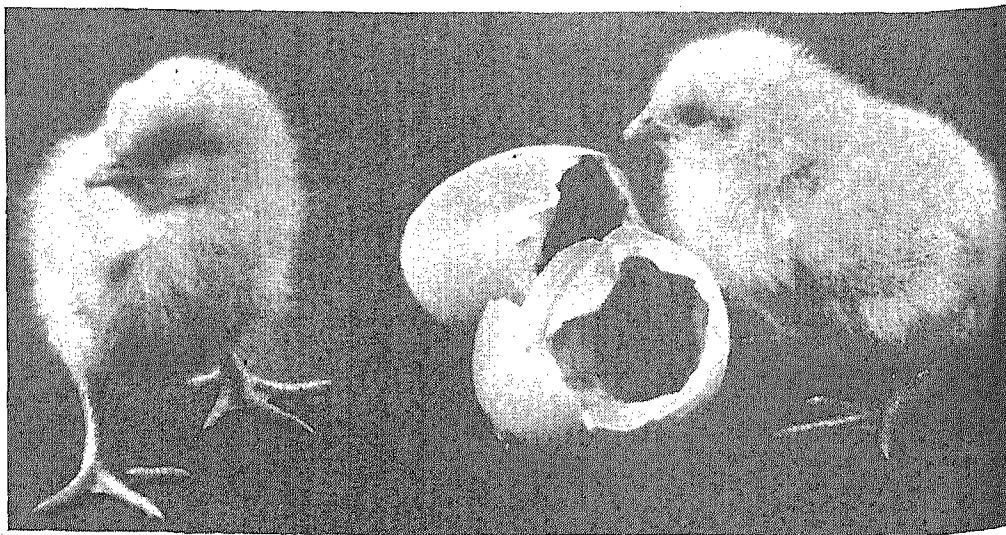
. . . Lent . . .

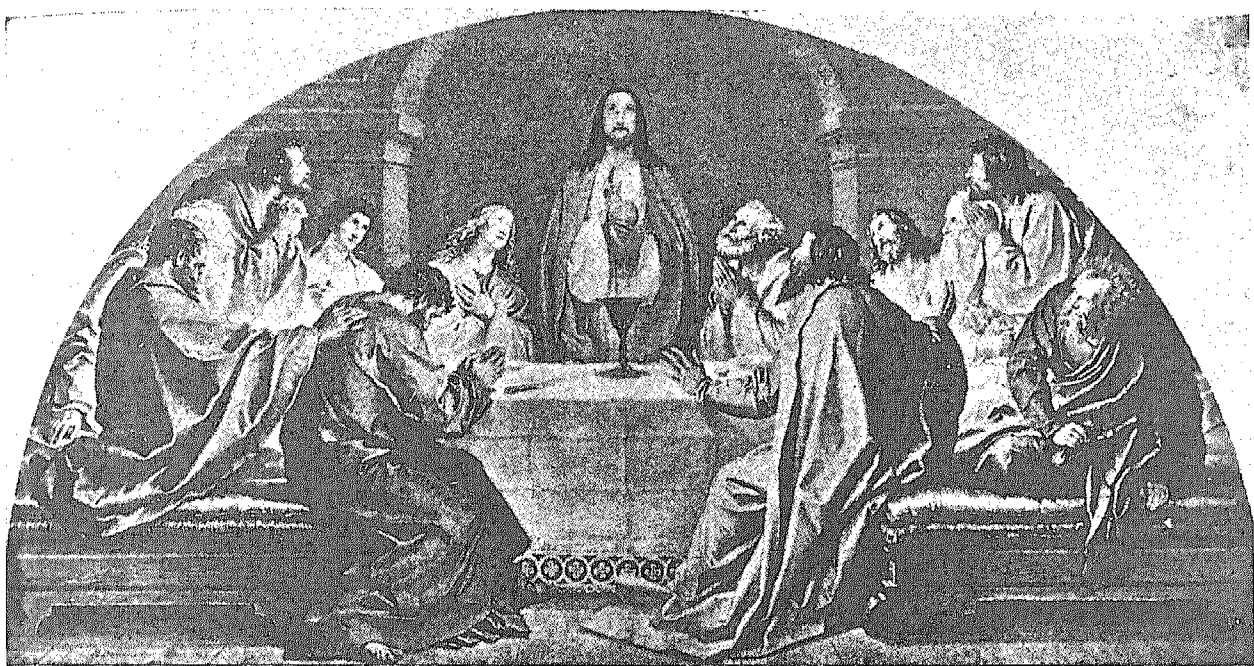
By John De Witt

WHEN you think of this season,
this season of Lent,
When you think how He suffered
and all that it meant,
When you think of your soul and
the price paid for you,
How will you pay Him—and what
will you do?

When you think how He fasted and
think how He prayed,
When you think of Him lonely—
disciples afraid—
When you think of His sorrow—His
agony too,
How will you pay Him—and what
will you do?

When you think of the thorns that
He wore on His head,
When you think of the Cross and
the Blood Jesus shed,
When you think of your sins—how
He bore them for you,
How will you pay Him—and what
will you do?





HIS PRESENCE IS EVER NEAR

THE scene was that upper room, "large and furnished," wherein the chosen disciples had made ready the passover, concerning which Jesus had said, "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." It was late in the evening, that Thursday evening when the very air about them was heavy with foreboding for the morrow. With difficulty the disciples tried to grasp what might be in the mind of their Master. Judas had gone off about his business—and what devil's business it was!—and Jesus sought to prepare their hearts for His coming sorrow, betrayal, and crucifixion.

Naturally they were saddened. It was beyond their understanding. And Jesus, looking on them with unbounded love, said, "Because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter

Freed From The Limitations of His Earthly Environment Jesus Is With His Own Anytime and Anywhere

*By the Chief Secretary,
Colonel R. S. Harewood*

will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you." And to this He added, "I will see you again."

If one reads carefully the Gospel record of that last talk before His brutal arrest, one cannot help but notice that Jesus identified Himself with the Holy Spirit—the Comforter. "I will send Him—I will come; He will abide with you—We will come and make Our abode." Even as God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, so is Christ in the Holy Spirit, dwelling ever in the hearts of those who love Him and obey His words.

That He should leave them by the cruel hand of death—what a tragedy. That He should return to dwell with them forever—what a glorious triumph. This then is the joy, the "expediency" of which He spoke, the fact of His presence with us at all times and in all places.

Faithful followers of Christ have tried in many ways to realize this constant Presence, for, alas, when

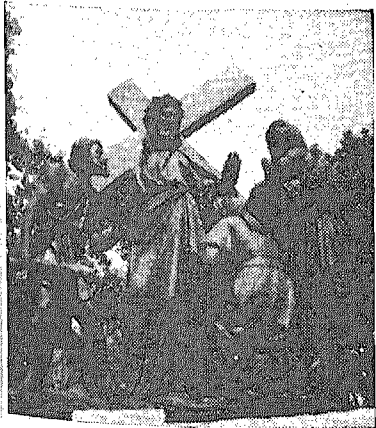
our minds are absorbed with the cares or the pleasures, the passions or the duties of every-day life, the sense of His presence grows dim, and for long periods we may be wholly unconscious that He is near.

The dying Scotsman had a chair placed by his bedside, that he might visualize the Master sitting there as would any other visitor, and as he prayed in the quietness of his own spirit, his hand unconsciously stole across to rest on the knee of the blessed Christ who sat there by his side.

Good Brother Lawrence in the busy kitchen of the medieval monastery, and in the crowded market where he did his merchandizing, practiced the realization of the presence of His Lord.

To me, as to many others, has come the precious consciousness that whenever I stop to think of Him, He is there at my side. It may be in the wakeful hours of the long and troubled night; it may be in the midst of trying correspondence and the pressing burdens of office; it may be in the heat of a Sunday evening's prayer-battle, or in the quiet, soul-wrestling of a difficult interview—whenever and wherever I can for one moment stop to think of Him, He is there, patient, understanding, kind and ever gracious.

It is expedient! Yes, never again was He to be confined by the bounds of time and space as during those thirty-three years of earthly striving; for ever and ever He is now free to manifest His presence to each and every one of His followers whenever they call upon Him. We are never alone; as He promised, He is with us, and will be, even to the very end.





The Rent Veil



(Continued from page 5)



of grace and truth." It was the consummation of promise and prophecy, of type and symbol, of figure and image. In His great redeeming act on Calvary, culminating in the last agony of death, He cried, "IT IS FINISHED" and while nature shuddered at the sufferings of the Son of God, the great symbolic system of Judaism, which for many generations had been witnessing for God, came to an end, abolished by the will of the Eternal Father in the marvellous act, when "the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom." It was the testimony of the Eternal Father to the all-sufficiency of the atonement made upon the Cross.

The veil was hung up to signify exclusion from the Divine Presence. It was rent in twain to show that, on Calvary, every hindrance was removed, and now man might "draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith."

It was the *imprimatur* of Heaven upon the Son's sacrifice upon earth. It was the Father's *Amen* to the Son's announcement of the comple-

tion of His "finished work." It was, in effect, the Father saying again, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." No need any more of the sacrifice of the bullock or of the lamb. Christ had offered a spotless, holy, human nature, closely united to the divine nature, by which there was infused into the sacrifice such virtue and such redemption as never needed to be repeated, and it availed for the whole world, for all time.

A New Era

The rent veil taught another great lesson. By it we are shown that now God does not speak to mankind by types and symbols, nor even by the personal ministry of the Lord Jesus. The symbols and figures of the world's infancy had a great work to do, and efficiently did it; but these have played their part. If they are not succeeded by higher teaching, by "the new and living way", mankind still stays outside the blessings of the Father. The symbols were succeeded by the personal life, teaching and sacrifice of the long-promised Christ; these were succeeded by the coming of the Holy Spirit to dwell with man. Christ could not have remained an itinerant preach-

er throughout the ages, or where would have been the ministry of intercession in the highest Heaven? And where would have been the ministry of the Holy Spirit?

When His personal example and public teaching were at an end He said to His followers, "It is expedient for you that I go away . . . but I will pray the Father and He will give you another Comforter that He may abide with you forever." Thus Christ rose into the highest Heaven, and the Holy Spirit came to dwell in the hearts of men.

The rent veil is the sign of the New and Living Way by which we not only come boldly to the Throne of Grace, but through which we have the indwelling Spirit of Christ. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus . . . Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith."

Indifference

By G. A. Studdert Kennedy

WHEN Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged Him on a tree, They drove great nails through hands and feet, and made a Calvary; They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red were His wounds and deep, For those were crude and cruel days, and human flesh was cheap.

When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply passed Him by, They never hurt a hair of Him, they only let Him die; For men had grown more tender, and they would not give Him pain, They only just passed down the street, and left Him in the rain.

Still Jesus cried, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do," And still it rained the winter rain that drenched Him through and through; The crowds went home and left the streets without a soul to see, And Jesus crouched against a wall and cried for Calvary.

A CALL TO SERVICE

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

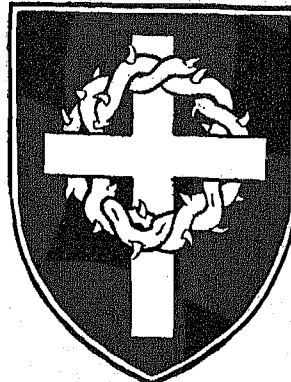
Calvary's Message

By Mrs. Sr.-Major P. Alder

OUT from the shade of conflict;
out to a traitor's kiss
Went Jesus Christ our Saviour,
(was ever love like His?)
Haled to the High Priest's palace,
and on to Pilate's Hall,
Ere He was sent to Herod—Jesus,
the Lord of all.

Failed by His own Apostles: jeered
by the world at large,
Jesus went forth to suffer, love's
duty to discharge;
Could lot be any harder than
Christ's when God withdrew
His smile and benediction, since
sin He could not view?

Finished! His work accomplished:
God with man reconciled!
This is Good Friday's message:
bridged is the chasm wild:
And Easter peals in gladness, this
anthem: "Jesus lives
To break sin's power forever in
hearts whose peace He gives."



God's Friday spells redemption:
Easter "eternal life!"
Hope spreads her wings and conquers darkness and death and strife:
Where is death's sting? No longer can it enslave the soul:
For Jesus lives forever—and heaven is now man's goal.

An African Easter

Showing the Difference Christianity Has Made

DURING the weeks preceding Easter, the details of Passion Week are taught in the Sunday school classes here in Howard Institute, Rhodesia, writes Captain John Harewood, who has since been compelled by reasons of health, to sail for his homeland, Australia. The questions most frequently asked by the student are those concerning Judas, attempting to excuse his betrayal of his Master on the ground that it was pre-ordained.

Africans are very quick to excuse themselves for sin committed, regarding them all as "small mistakes." Patience and understanding are always needed in dealing with moral lapses here, especially when long-standing tribal customs tend to confuse right and wrong in the minds of young African converts. For example, polygamy is sanctioned by the civil courts, because it is a long-established part of African

tribal laws and primitive customs.

To come back to Easter. Good Friday is a day of meetings dealing with the Crucifixion, but with the simple Bible stories rather than learned dissertations. A film or a dramatization may be used to advantage.

Easter Sunday is a triumphant day. The Africans believe in starting it early, because they read that the women came early to the tomb. This year we were awakened shortly after midnight by a party of girl teachers and teacher-trainees singing, "Up from the grave," outside our windows. They were followed by guitar players, and then about daybreak by the cadets, with their timbrels, and scores of students. The singing and marching continued along the roads of the Institute until the commencement of the prayer meeting in the hall at 6.15 a.m., and no one seemed tired.



The other meetings of the day were held out-of-doors in a tree-shaded area between the hall and the school. The officers and soldiers of the four village corps of the Howard section united with us in a Day of Victory.

Resurrection Joy on Devil's Island

"WHEN I stepped ashore at Cayenne on Good Friday, 1937," says Sir Alexander Paterson, in the London "Spectator," "there seemed to be every suggestion of Gethsemane and Calvary, but no thought of promise of Redemption or Resurrection. . . . Striding down the main street on Easter morning, I came face to face with Charles Palphant, a young Salvation Army officer, who lived in the settlement, maintaining a little homestead on the hillside, where he grew a few flowers and vegetables

and gathered around him a group of the younger men who had not surrendered to the bestiality of convict life.

"He was impressive because he was the cleanest and fittest in the whole place. We spent the day in his little homestead. He apologized for the simplicity of his hospitality. He gave all he had—a slice of seed cake and a bottle of lemonade. It was an Easter communion that I can never forget, transcending all the ritual and doctrine and liturgy with which we are so apt to cloak



our Christian faith. Thousands of French criminals had to go to Guiana to learn what hell was like. I had to go to Cayenne to know what Christ was like."

ANGELS played a very important part in the life of Jesus Christ. What a great and wonderful announcement when His birth was proclaimed by them to the shepherds! The Son of God was born! Now, a greater and far more glorious announcement is being made as they sit at the open sepulchre, "He is not here, He is risen"—the Saviour of the world is living!

Envy, anger and jealousy had made false accusations against Him; cruel hands had plaited a crown of thorns and pressed it upon His brow; cold indifference had pierced His hands and feet with the nails and thrust a sword into His side; hatred had scorned and mocked at Him as He hung on the Cross and rejoiced when He died, for they thought He was dead and would trouble them no more. And now, three days afterwards, the angels

ANGELS in the Life of JESUS

proclaim this glorious Message, "He is not here, He is risen," He who was born a child, died a man, has now risen a Saviour. A Saviour, not only to Jews but all mankind.

No wonder the angels said "GO QUICKLY AND TELL HIS DISCIPLES!" They were bewildered, disappointed and sorrowful. He, from whom they expected so much, was dead. So the joyful news that He had risen and was alive, must be taken immediately and they must meet Him in the appointed place. What a joyful message! They

were to meet not just their former Master, Leader and Teacher, but the Risen Saviour.

THE WAR CRY

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BANISH ALL FEARS— —CHRIST DID ARISE!

EVEN before the body of Christ was placed in the sepulchre, there were some who wanted to make sure that He would never rise. His enemies came to the cold-blooded, cynical Pilate and told him that he must take every precaution that there would be no tricks played at the grave, no rifling of the sepulchre, no fairy tales by His friends. And the answer of the Roman was one of the most pathetic in history, "You have a watch. Make the tomb as sure as you can."

This victory, this miracle, this resurrection, *did* it happen? By any chance have we been mistaken or deluded? Was Pilate perhaps not quite so pathetic after all? For Christians this is a horrible and hideous idea, but Christ makes us face it.

John Henry Newman has a memorable passage in which he imagines what it would feel like to look out into the world and see no trace of God at all. "Just as if I were to look into a mirror and not see my face." That is the meaning of the shudder of the soul which St. Paul's words create: "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain. They that are fallen asleep are perished."

The average citizen might say, "Why bring up a thing like that in Easter week, amid the music and the flowers?" But, if we can't face it our religion is a coward belief and St. Paul bluntly faces the consequences: "If Christ be not risen, what then?" Three things—let us take them one by one.

First of all it means that the Christian faith is an illusion. It is smashed and finished. Now why? Here was Jesus who had lived an absolutely perfect life, who had complete trust in God. He died like a felon and His dust is blowing somewhere on the hills of Palestine. We've got nothing after nineteen hundred years but a dream.

*"While we believed on earth He went,
And open stood His grave,
Men called from chamber, church
and tent,
And Christ was but to save.
Now He is dead, far hence He lies,
In the lone Syrian town,
And on His grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down."*

In the days when all Northern Europe was pagan and a missionary was preaching to the Franks on the banks of the Seine, he told the story of the Crucifixion and King Clovis suddenly drew his sword and cried, "If I had been there, we would have charged up the hill and

smashed those Romans." We would have no evidence that God is Love.

Secondly, "If Christ be not risen, ye are still in your sins." In other words there is no forgiveness for Man. All this talk about God making our crimsoned page white as snow is mere mockery. You and I are slaves shackled to the oars with the devil swinging the whip. We should have to say that Christ was a pathetic failure. He couldn't make it. He was brave enough but a fool.

But does it matter? Oliver Lodge said that modern man does not

"Cast as rubbish to the void."

Are the dead really outside in the church yard? Does humanity find its journey's end in a hole in the ground? What meaning can there be in the fact of life if it ends like that? What is the use of courage, which is the noblest inheritance of man? Why should we be faithful to what we have thought is good and true if it counts for absolutely nothing? And this thing that we call love—perhaps the only human endowment which makes the adventure of life worth living—

By the Rt. Rev. R. L. Renison

worry about his sins. Bernard Shaw cries, "Forgiveness is a beggar's refuge. We must pay our debts."

There is a dreadful passage in Carlyle where he imagines a man trying to run away from his shadow—dodging, panting, wildly turning 'til he drops in a faint. That is sin if there is no forgiveness.

The final conclusion of St. Paul is that if Christ is not risen the dead are perished. Those whom we are accustomed to call the "blessed departed" are annihilated—blown out like a candle; as Tennyson says,

the impulse of every noble sacrifice is mocked by a universe that sets it at naught and leaves us with nothing but a memory that aches and a handful of pathetic flowers.

St. Paul's argument is sound. If Christ is risen, there is no death.

But, thank God, Christ *did* rise; it is one of the best-attested facts of history, as scientists have declared. And so all our fears of the Christian faith being mythical, our sins not being forgiven and the dead remaining dead vanish like the mists before the rising sun. Hallelujah!

CHRIST IS RISEN INDEED!

(Continued from page 3)

"Yes, I have just seen John back there, and he told me; but I do not believe a word of it."

"Why," says Peter, "I saw Him yesterday alone. I had an interview with Him, and He frankly forgave me for denying Him. It is really true that He is risen."

"Well, I will not believe it unless I see it."

He goes on a little further, when he meets Mary Magdalene, her face lit up with the very light of Heaven. She tells Thomas how the Lord appeared first to her early on the Sabbath morning; and again how He had come into their midst in the evening of the day, and shown them the wounds in His hands and feet. "Yes, it is quite true, Thomas; He has risen."

"I have just met Peter and John, and they both told me the same thing; but I cannot believe it unless I thrust my hand into His side."

Poor doubting Thomas! I never in my life saw a happy Christian who had doubts about the resurrec-

tion. Show me any one who does not believe that Christ has risen, and that the bodies of believers are to rise also, and I will show you a man who has very little comfort in his religion.

I often think that Thomas was the most unhappy man in Jerusalem during the week that followed. It would have been far more reasonable for him to have believed those who saw Jesus. But unbelief is the most unreasonable thing in the world.

Next Sabbath Thomas was at the meeting with the rest of the disciples. Again there stood in the midst the Lord of Glory. He fixed His gaze on Thomas, and said:

"Thomas, reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing."

Thomas cried out, "My Lord and my God!" His unbelief has fled, and he is first to confess the divinity of the risen Jesus.



AT A SUNRISE SERVICE, EASTER, 1952, General Albert Orsborn addressed a tremendous crowd of worshippers at the Hollywood Bowl, California, when he gave the message published in this issue. Only part of the huge crowd is seen in the picture. Loud-speakers conveyed the General's words with such clarity to every part of the natural amphitheatre that every person present could hear perfectly.

